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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Suck

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OUR PERENNIAL PAUPER.
"What! Begging Again?"

P U C K.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.
A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 16 gives us a second installment of "Bent, Not Broken," in which the interest of the story increases. The pictures of college life and the delicate touches by which the gradual development of a young man's character is indicated are the work of a masterly hand. "A Fair Amateur," a novelette in two parts, is begun in this number, and promises a novel dramatic effect. "Out of Death's Jaws," Arthur Lot's strong and interesting story, is concluded, and the second half is of no less force than the first. The tale is certainly a remarkable piece of fiction, and lingers in the memory with the vividness of truth. The other contents of the number are the first part of "A Little Incident in the Southwest," a sketch of rough life, rich in local color, and "A Strange Wooing," a complete story, quaint and ingenious in plot, with an undercurrent of half-humorous sentiment—an odd and entertaining little narrative.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE "average American" is born, not with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with a revolver in his hip-pocket. He takes to a pistol as he takes to pap. It is to him as simple a weapon of offense or defense as is his stick to an Englishman or his knife to an Italian. The American never learns how to use a revolver; he is born knowing how. He has great confidence in it, and very little fear of it. Give a citizen of the United States a Colt or a Remington and a flask of old rye, and he will set out to explore the Polar Regions or go to Central America to quell a revolution. The worship of the pocket-firearm is a national characteristic; and it is but fair to say that it is not wholly an objectionable characteristic.

The national readiness and ability to use firearms has done a good deal toward teaching the American people self-control. Because an occasional fool draws his pistol without sufficient provocation, we must not infer that all pistol-carrying is productive of evil. For your one coward who becomes a murderer by yielding to a sudden impulse of passion or fear, there are fifty bullies who refrain from acts of violence because they know or believe their opponents to be armed. It must always be remembered that the pistol puts the physically feeble man on an equality with the muscular ruffian. There is a vast deal of nonsense talked about the manly art of self-defense, and the manliness of the Briton's appeal to the trial by fisticuffs. Very few decent men, in a busy country like this, have the time or the inclination to practise boxing; and the people who take that way of settling their disputes are a lot of blackguards, and nothing better. The low Englishman is a coward of the worst sort, like all other upholders of promiscuous pugilism. He has been brought up to bear the pain and annoyance of a black eye or a broken nose; but he is as thoroughly afraid of a bit of cold lead as a King Charles spaniel is afraid of a horsewhip.

The American never engages in a street-fight. If his cause of quarrel is trifling, he lets the occasion pass. If it is sufficiently serious to

make fighting a necessity, it is sufficiently serious to make killing a possibility. It is foreign to the nature of the American to fight with his enemy like two dogs in a gutter. If he means to fight, he means death. It affords him no satisfaction to spoil his foeman's good looks, or to make that foeman's flesh sore for the space of a day or two. This may be a pleasure to brutes; but the American is not a brute. He avoids a fight as long as he may; but when he does fight, he fights with a weapon that puts all men on a fair level, and he fights for an end that dignifies all combat.

But, having said this much, it remains to be said that while the revolver is, *per se*, a very apostle of peace, there is such a thing as putting it to a bad use. A little of the revolver is a very good thing in a country where justice is sometimes tardy, and very often whimsical. Judge Lynch was a very useful man, in his day, to our young civilization; but he has outgrown his usefulness, and he never was desirable outside of certain well-defined limits. The revolver, likewise, is getting itself into bad repute by its extreme numerosity and unnecessary frequency. It is no weapon for cranks, women and sucking college-boys. It is not exactly the sort of article to be dealt out as a gratuitous supplement to juvenile periodical literature. It is not the kind of thing to be used as an auxiliary to the policeman's club in the decimation of our citizens. There is no good reason why the revolver, a useful weapon in its own way, should be used to lower the census of the United States. Certainly, some restrictions should be placed upon its manufacture and sale, or the present epidemic of shooting will end in the complete prohibition of the use of our national weapon, and in our adoption of the brutal and cowardly English system of big fist against little fist, tough skin against tender.

General Grant, with his native modesty, once more appears before the American people in the character which seems best fitted to him—that of a beggar. It was probably one of the most expensive things the country ever did to put this gentleman in command of the army during the war, because he has never forgotten it, and is determined that we never shall. In our enthusiastic appreciation of his services as a soldier, we elected him President, and a very indifferent President he made. Not content with this, he succeeded in getting himself nominated for a second term, and gave us four years of an administration more disreputable than the first. Still unsatisfied, he offered himself for a third time. But the people wouldn't have him. His friends and supporters tried their utmost to force him on the country, and with an almost dangerous measure of success; but common sense and judgement triumphed in the end, and the pertinacious third-term candidate came to grief. But General Grant is too old a soldier to be daunted by such a trifles as that. If he can't get \$50,000 a year as President, he can, at least, secure a comfortable income from the National Treasury by having his name placed on the retired army-list; and with this laudable and patriotic object in view, the General has induced his good friend Logan to introduce a bill into Congress.

We sincerely hope that it may not pass. If it does, there is no knowing to what ends General Grant may go in further exacting the substantial gratitude of the country. The country has done more than enough for General Grant, and the time has come for him to retire into private life, as becomes an American citizen, instead of perpetually holding out his hat for "more." General Grant's military career was both successful and brilliant, and, had he kept out of politics, it would still be freshly remem-

bered by his countrymen; but, unfortunately, it has been sullied by his wretched attempt at statesmanship, so that whatever merit he possesses has almost been forgotten. He is known now as the champion diner-out, as the president of railroads, mining companies and banks—as one who is ever ready to receive presents, no matter by whom they may be offered, and as a perpetual candidate for the Presidency.

The trial of the assassin Guiteau for the murder of the late President is not a subject on which we have much to say. A great deal too much has already been said about it. The man is before a jury of his countrymen, his case is receiving more than a fair hearing, and the law will take its course. But at the present stage of the proceedings, there can be no valid objection to our remarking that the prisoner has shown conclusively that he is responsible for his actions, and that he knew perfectly well that he was committing a cold-blooded murder. There was a strong impression, at first, that Guiteau was a lunatic. Guiteau is no lunatic; Justice has the gallows waiting for him, and he must hang.

The Graphic Reporter is "At Home" in Washington, always. Whether it be something in the atmosphere or in the whiskey of the National Capital, we cannot say; but certain it is that, from the moment the reporting gentleman lands there, a complete and radical change takes place in his mental and moral mechanism. That somewhat dubious organ which he is pleased to call his mind expands, as it were, from plain fact into the most gorgeous and picturesque hifalutin. "The primrose by the river's brim, a simple primrose is to him" no longer—it is something a great deal more, and different withal, to which the terms "gush," "mush" and "slush" are not unjustly nor unfrequently applied. The Guiteau trial has furnished the Graphic Reporter with an unusual and unneglected opportunity for the play and display of his aboriginal descriptive powers. And, not content with so prolific a subject as Guiteau, the G. R. has fallen foul of the judge and counsel as well. In this general distribution of attentions, our own fellow-citizen, John K. Porter, comes in for his share, of course, though, strange to say, it is a smaller one than might have been expected by those acquainted with this gentleman's forensic ability and legal lore.

His forefinger! Not that the forefinger aforesaid is the only digital member owned and manipulated by Lawyer Porter, for we believe he is possessed of the usual number; but it is the only one (and, indeed, the only thing to him pertaining,) that has come prominently under the "reportorial" eye. We are informed that: "When cross-examining, his forefinger is terrible!" And, further: "It seems like the finger of Retributive Justice (capitalized, of course,) pointing right down into the innermost recesses of a man's soul." And yet: "He backs up his remarkable forefinger (backing-up a forefinger isn't bad, my Lord Poelnius!) with a most impressive, highly dramatic manner." And still on: "He eyes the witness with much deliberation, advances his awful index finger, and agitates it slowly a few seconds, then frowns like an avenging god (on wheels?) and hurls forth his questions with all the furious emphasis of a ranting tragedian!"

Slow Music—Red Fire—Curtain.
Really, this is no forefinger of ours, of course; but we are prompted by the humane feeling common to all, except the Graphic Reporter, to suggest to Lawyer Porter that, if he values his own future peace of mind equally with the welfare of his family and immediate friends, he had better leave his forefinger at home the next time he pursues his legal way to Washington.

ISRAEL ON THE CRANK.

A denominational weekly publication, devoted to Jewish religious interests, denounces PUCK as being prejudiced against the Jews, in consequence of our cartoon called "The Modern Moses." We rarely attach any importance to the opinions of the religious press, because a religious newspaper, established as a means of making money, is a monstrous anomaly, and is incapable of discussing a question on logical principles, bound as it is by whatever may happen to be its particular iron-clad doctrine. If we gave attention to such matters, we should be perpetually at loggerheads with the *Christian Union*, *The Tablet*, *The Jewish Messenger*, *The Independent*, *The Churchman*, and a dozen other papers of the character that exist—well, for no reason whatever, unless it be that their editors and proprietors think that their faith is a good thing to trade on.

We have no prejudices at all. We have no prejudice against the Jews or the Jewish religion; no prejudice against the Russians or the Russian national religion; no prejudice against the Irish or the Irish Roman Catholics; and if mere caricature is objectionable, the Irish have surely much more reason to complain than the Jews, who have always found a champion in PUCK. Our Hebrew friends must not be so sensitive; and, like sensible people as they are, must take a joke as their neighbors take one. If they do not wish to be made fun of, they should not intensify the traditional peculiarities that so often make them the subject of ridicule. They are clannish, and cling to their antiquated puerile Oriental customs and mummeries as a Chinaman clings to his pigtail. They should become Americans. Let them mix, marry and associate—we will not say with Christians, as there are few real Christians nowadays—but with non-Jews or Gentiles, and get rid of the silly idea that their race and religion are immeasurably above all others. If this were done, there would, in time, be no more reason to caricature the peculiarities of a Jew, as a Jew, than of a Quaker, a Swedenborgian, a Shaker, or an Episcopalian.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

OUR HEBREW friends have a Feast of Lights at hand. Is it, then, a fact that a Jewish syndicate has purchased Edison's electric lamp-posts?

"LOVE'S LABOR LOST" AGAIN.—An English paper says the Lord Mayor of London is trying to raise "a fund." Useless attempt, Your Worship; quite useless. The only thing the Lord Mayor of London was ever known to raise successfully was "a laugh." It is wiser to accept the inevitable than to strive after the impossible.

CHEAP, INDEED, IF NOTHING ELSE.—We have always heard that Paterson, N. J., was a very cheap place of residence, and just now we have an ocular demonstration of the fact. By a late decision of Judge Woodruff—*nomen clarum et venerabile*—it costs only one dollar for a man to slap his wife, provided, of course, he does it decently and in moderation. Only think of the happiness in store for the lucky Patersonian who happens to be the possessor of a five-dollar note! Moderation multiplied by five foots up encouragingly. And of the rapture inexpressible that must permeate the bosom of the five-and-twenty-dollar man! No wonder the population of that town has doubled within the past ten years. With a few more such decisions, (and such judges, withal,) Paterson may safely count on becoming the metropolis of New Jersey within the next decade.

A LA MODE FRANCAISE.—Guiteau imagines one side of his head larger than the other. Which reminds us that, were he in France just now, where he so much wanted to go last winter, he would find a gentleman—one "Monsieur de Paris," very well known to people of his (Guiteau's) stamp—who could, and no doubt would, cheerfully remove the larger side and put it carefully away in a nice basket of sawdust, without other fee or reward than that he already derives from the State. An excellent opportunity, truly, for Guiteau *et id omne genus.*

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCII.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.



I am, 'pon my soul, perfectly wearied of wemarking that there is no Society in New York, and that the majorwity of aw individuals who put themselves in this categorwy are a parcel of ignorant vulgarians, who possess no weal wefinement, and are stupid and immorwal.

They generwally have pwetty extensive wentwolls, howevah, and spend their money fweely, when they think they can get their names in the papahs; but, on pwopah gwounds, they have no maw wight to imagine that they wepwesent the culture and best bweeding in the country than have the averwage street-sweepers and cab-dwivahs.

These people simply constitute a clique, and the men of the clique have their stwongholds in two verwy pwetentious, but actually inferwi-ah, clubs. Some of their womankind are even maw objectionable, although I invarwiably make gweat allowances faw anything that the fai-ah cweachas do.

It's a verwy difficult mattah faw them to do awlays the wight thing, and to hide their undabwedding, when their male fwends and welatives are constantly showing them a bad example, especially in their dweadful aping of the worst feachahs of Bwitiish arwistocwacy customs, which Jack and I are literwally tired of laughing at and weferwing to.

The witah in the *Contemporaruy Wewiew* aw speaks of the shocking immorwality and degwadation of the Amerwican arwistocwacy. Perhahps he is wight about the immorwality and degwadation, but he is wong about aw the arwistocwacy, faw there is no arwistocwacy. Some fellahs at the Union Club get angwy when I wemark this.

"My good fellah," I said to one of them, the othah day, whose ancestah was a peddler or small Dutch shopkeepah: "the people who play polo, who dwive coaches, and who give Methusalem balls, and ladies' balls, are verwy fah from being the best Amerwicans. They are often the most inferwiah. Weal arwistocwacy, Jack says, is a combination of things—wealth, culchah, good bweeding, intelligence and absence of snobishness. None of these qualities alone can make it. Family has vewy little to do with it, and, if it had, there are no families worth talking about he-ah. The pwesent wace of butchahs and clockmakahs are, I think, far superwiah to the pwesent wace of the wegulah Amerwican arwistocwacy aw."

Putkeings.

A PLUTONIC FLIRTATION.—That of Eurydice's abductor.

IT IS SOME consolation to know that a man may shoot his hat without being put down as a crank.

DR. LOW-NECKED LORNE will return to Canada without the Princess Louise. She can't stand the high-necked climate.

JEFFERSON DAVIS declined to be interviewed, on the ground that the masquerading season had not yet commenced.

A PLUMBER recently got mad when he heard some man speaking of a South American bird that is noted for its pipes that nothing can beat.

Now doth the Spitz jump around in a delirium of glee, and think how soon winter will make the oilcloth cold enough for him to lie on with comfort.

A WOMAN will calmly permit the cat to sleep in her husband's sealskin cap, but she will get ruffled if the cat attempts to make a hammock of her swell bonnet.

"Is ITALY becoming Republican?" We think it is, from the fact that the bloated land holders, with their real estate about their persons, emigrate to this country.

"No!" said she, dreamily, as she delicately toyed with the verdant and luscious sub-stratum of Néapolitaine ice-cream: "No, Adolphus, I never had hereditary measles." He left.

IT IS STATED that Rhode Island is full of calico factories. This is not news, but it is more than can be said of New Jersey, a State which, if full of anything, is full of law and mosquitoes.

A LARGE BOA in the Zoological Gardens, in London, swallowed a blanket for a "night-cap." If a good many men were to follow this boa's example, the blanket manufacturer would become a formidable rival to the whiskey distiller.

YOU MAY be a lovely girl, Myraline, and you may possess sufficient talent to bring you fame and shekels; but you will get neither from this paper if you continue to send us stuff containing such a rhyme as "lumbago" and "Chicago."

INQUIRY has been made at the PUCK office why the Chambers Street Hospital ambulance is seen so often in the lower part of Broadway. The reason is that the large number of busted mining brokers necessitates their being carried somewhere for repairs.

NUTS FOR THE NIL DESPERANDUMS OF AUTHORSHIP.—A single volume (works of St. Augustine, 1475.) has just been sold in London for £1,000, and another for £850. This shows what age—green, ripe old age—may do for books and authors. We are acquainted with a number of literary works of the present day which, in this order of arithmetical progression, may fetch as much as 50 cents per volume some three or four millions of years from now. Let aspiring literary men and women make a note of this, and keep a stiff upper-lip. Don't speculate in Western Union on the strength of it, though. Be prudent, and take the fat things of life as they come, without discounting future prospects.

BANKING POSSIBILITIES.

In the bright lexicon of the bank president there is no such word as disgrace. There was a time when a man could not depart with the money of the guileless depositors without placing his respectability within the pale of criticism, and becoming a special subject of scorn and satire; but that time has gone. The early prejudices peculiar to a fresh young country are rapidly passing away, and the people are inclining to a more kindly and charitable consideration of the actions of these adepts in fancy arithmetic.

It is not going too far to say that a bank president who captures \$100,000 is regarded simply as a financial humorist by every one in the land, except the persons whose accounts are thus suddenly and surreptitiously closed. And they feel for him that warm, tender, enthusiastic, throbbing sympathy that every true American feels for a man who risks his everything in an enterprise in which the chances are a hundred against one that it will terminate in his irremediable ruin.

The feelings for his family amount simply to condolence and compassion, especially if they have not sufficient money to enable them to go to Europe, live in luxurious retirement, and palm themselves off as invalids. The commiseration for these unfortunate people, especially among sentimentalists, has made them objects of envy in certain circles, and it is this that is going to have an evil effect.

For instance, if a young man attends a party, and meets the daughter of a defaulter, he naturally pays her more than ordinary attention, to show her that the misdeeds of her father do not affect their terms of friendship. Thus she receives most of his time, while the other poor girls, who are so unfortunate as to have honest, upright parents, dart envenomed glances at each other, and turn green with envy and chagrin.

If this wildly sentimental fashion remains in vogue much longer, it will exert a baleful influence on the society of the future, and a damaging effect on the welfare of citizens who have a strictly honest ancestry. These people will, in turn, be regarded with sympathy by the then haughty lineal descendants of the great bank robbers of the present century.

Fifty or sixty years hence, some old house back of Newark will be pointed out by the guide as the building in which Mr. So-and-So passed a night while flying the country with half a million dollars that didn't belong to him. And, on the strength of this, that house will be fixed up in style and filled with boarders at forty dollars per week, with sandwiches at twenty cents and beer at ten. And the people will bear away bark from the tree to which the aforesaid director tied his horse; and they will look at the chair, desk and inkstand he used on that memorable occasion, and offer fabulous amounts for them as curiosities.

The reigning society belle will be celebrated in poetry and puffed by the papers, which will not lose an opportunity to say, as often as possible, that she is the great granddaughter of the famous Bosscar Baldwin, and the latter will be so well known that it will not be necessary to say that he hypothecated bonds, and neatly swindled the depositors of the Gasfitters' and Undertakers' Savings Bank. This would be like speaking of Homer as the creature who wrote the "Iliad."

"At a reception, Mr. Brown will say to Mr. Smith:

"Mr. Smith, permit me to present my friend Miss Jones."

And after they have shaken hands, Mr. Brown will continue to Mr. Smith:

"Miss Jones is a grandniece of Josiah Tomkins Jaybird."

Mr. Smith will smile rapturously, and declare it the crowning honor of his life, her grandfather being so well known to him that it would be insulting his intelligence and learning to tell him that the late Mr. Jaybird resided at Sing Sing for ten years, and wore a ball and chain most of the time.

And then, when a man of humble origin, that is, a man whose family record is without a solitary black mark, goes forth to his lady-love's father to get his consent to the match, the following dialogue will take place:

"Have you money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand a year."

"Any property?"

"A house on Fifth Avenue."

"That sounds all right; but are you connected with the American peerage?"

"What's that?"

"Have you now, or have you ever had, any crooked bank or insurance officials in your family?"

"Never, sir—never; but I can't help that. Some of us are doomed to be honest, and spurned when we are not to blame for our integrity. I love your daughter, and, you know, many a proud lady has been happy with a husband picked from the humbler grades of society."

"Leave me, sir; you shall not wed my daughter. I like your impudence, indeed! You, who almost boast that your family, as far back as you can go, is without a disreputable character, to come and ask the hand of my daughter! You must recollect, sir, that you are honest and nobody. My uncle, two of my wife's uncles, my grandfather, and four of my cousins all successfully decamped with the contents of their respective banks, and I don't want to see the genius of the blood destroyed by an upright interloper!"

And the young man will pass out execrating the sad fate which has placed an impassable social chasm between himself and the haughty beauty in whose veins flows the untainted blood of a dozen lordly bank defaulters.

And the fond mother will bend tenderly over the cradle in which her infant is dreaming, and kiss his rosy dimples, and pray for his welfare, and trust that he may grow up and fight the battle of life with undaunted spirit, and overcome all the obstacles which beset the path of the pioneer, until finally he wears the victor's crown, and finds a throne in the chair of a bank president. And every good mother in this good land will imagine her baby boy is going to be a bank president—just as she, at the

present day, believes he will one day be President of the United States—and she will tell her neighbor so over the garden fence when the two engage in one of those domestic brawls in which all children are characterized as brats.

And Saratoga and all the watering-places will be filled with bogus defaulters—men who, under this guise of respectability, will endeavor, by every known means, to entrap the affections of the lovely and get into the best society. And orators will mention the names of bank robbers in their speeches amid applause; steamboats, baseball clubs and target companies will enrich their banners with the names of these peculiarly gifted dignitaries. Poets of the day will sing the charms of the haughty bank defaulter's daughter. And banking scenes will be introduced into plays, and bank presidents and directors will be cast for the leading *rôles*, just as generals, lords, and aristocrats are at the present time.

It may be, and no doubt is, highly proper and correct to be kind to the erring; but, after all, the Kansas plan is the best: to capture the officials, and force them to hand back what they have stolen, or else treat society to a little picnic, which an astute Western paper is pleased to term "a lynching bee."

R. K. M.

EASY ENIGMAS FOR BUSINESS COLLEGIANS.

I.

My first is a Bank;

My second is a Cashier;

My whole is something to carry on the morocco business with.

II.

My first is a National Bank;

My second is a President;

My whole is a tool used by a gambling speculator.

III.

My first, again, is a Banker;

My second is a Director;

My whole is something which don't direct a bank.

IV.

My first, finally, is a Bank;

My second is a Sworn Examiner;

My whole is something which has sworn off examining banks.

MANAT.

"WE SOON—"

We soon shall think, at dead of night,
When snowflakes on the window light—

How sweet to scorch,

Upon the porch,

And have a good mosquito bite,

And listen to his aria,

And have malaria.

THE NEW CRANKS' RETREAT.



THEY ALL GO TO THE COURT-ROOM, INSTEAD OF THE ASYLUM.

A STORY OF A SUBSTITUTE.



No Work—No Money—No Nothing.



Good Enough!



In the "Bought Brigade."



"One Substitute is as Good as Another!"



Twelve Hundred Dollars' Worth of Sprees Make Him a Wreck.

Charges It to Gout and Receives His Reward.
F. Opper

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

MARRIED.

Mail-Express.—On Monday, December 6, 1881, at Park Row, New York City, by the Reverend Full-Face Conjunction, U.C., E. Mail, of the House of Sir Cyrus W. Field, K.Q.Z., to N. Y. E. Express, Relict of the late John Kelly, Ex.B.N.Y. No Cards.

The above wedding, while not so largely attended as the recent *ultra-élite* exhibition at Trinity Church, was nevertheless one of the most interesting matrimonial events of the season. The ceremony was conducted with some degree of privacy, out of deference for the feelings of the bride, whose period of widowhood, though brief, has proved one of much tribulation and great sorrow, no less to herself than to others (uncles, cousins and aunts barred, of course,) alike dependent upon the bounty of the late lamented. But for such sad surroundings on the part of the bride, a much greater *éclat* would doubtless have been given to this unique and altogether utter solemnization. The only special object worthy of note, in the matter of dress, was the change of head-dress, merely, on the part of the bride, who assumed, otherwise, the new divided garment of the groom. There being nobody present authorized to give the bride away, (though there were, doubtless, several persons quite able, and, perhaps, willing to do so,) that portion of the ceremony was necessarily omitted.

Sir Cyrus W. Field, K.Q.Z., stood sponsor for the bridegroom, with Major and Acting Chief-of-Staff Bundy (sometimes miscalled "Bunsby"), N. Y. H. G., as next best man. It is quite needless to say that the Major, as a

gallant man, tried and so proven on the field of action, when the red eye of battle was the reverse of shut, was quite equal to the occasion, and performed the duties assigned him, as is his custom, with zeal, courage and gallantry.

Sir Cyrus, K. Q. Z., as grand Patron of the ceremony, acquitted himself with his accustomed ease, elegance and beauty—three personal graces of which it is safe to say: "None but themselves can be their parallelograms." It was plainly evident that he had the interests of the newly-wedded pair very much at heart, and it is said by those who have the best means of knowing that, in case of any disaster overtaking the principal of the high contracting parties, his well known philanthropy and exceeding regard for the necessities (and goods) of others, will induce him to appeal a second time to the "charity of the nation" for the raising of still another "fund."

Of the wedding gifts little is known (though much might be surmised), they not having been placed on exhibition; but they were, no doubt, appropriate. No flowers—not even Roswell P.—were present for this, or received for any future occasion. No wedding trip is contemplated. The newly-wedded pair will occupy the old stand on the corner, where they will be glad to see all their individual and mutual friends, including subscribers and advertisers, particularly!

There was a Marquis Abergavenny,
Who had of poultry very mavenny;
And when their eggs they laid,
Some he would trade,
And some he would sell for a pavenny.

BITS OF TALK.

CAUGHT IN PASSING THE LADIES ON SIXTH AVENUE,
NEAR FOURTEENTH STREET, 4 P. M.

"And they charged me eleven cents a dozen, because the man said"

"There were only two imported with real lace, the others had"

"No place for a towel on the side; but the prettiest little"

"Number two-and-a-half, indeed! Why, she always wears"

"Knickerbockers, with an opening on the side, and"

"Plain shirt-front, nothing else except a little trimming at the"

"Gored waist with beads!"

"Well! If I can wear them without hurting me when I get home"

"Laced up on the side, just like those old-fashioned"

"Bathing suits at this time of year! Well, what next?"

"I declare! I believe I left that bundle at the last"

"Poor old blind man with his dog! just like"

"That dowdy thing crossing over the"

"Way to buy things, at Macy's, is to"

"Never wash them in hot water."

"So the floor-walker said, *really*, Madam,"

"I never take them off the children all the year round."

MANAT.

There was a young man named Ruthven,
And to him a mule was guthven;
But the mule couldn't trot,
So at last he was shot,
And to the bone-mill was druthven.

A POPULAR CONVENIENCE.

The influx of matrimonially-inclined Englishmen threatens to fill American "sassietty" with the lordly bearers of noble titles, or the noble bearers of lordly titles, which ever may be their proper designation.

This will no doubt elevate the social tone of our aristocracy; but it will, for some time, at least, cause great confusion in polite circles. It requires a clear intellect and a strong memory to grasp and keep the order of the British peerage.

To the outsider it is a painfully confusing kaleidoscopic combination of differing glories. It is hard to make it clear to the American intellect why a Marquis is a Marquis, and why, being a Marquis, he discounts an Earl and double-discounts a Viscount. Our experience in this line may not be large; but from what we have observed, the whole peerage runs very much alike, except that the higher the peer may be the worse are his manners and his clothing.

It may have been noticed, moreover, that when a very lofty nobleman comes over here, he is always in pressing need of an American heiress. Baronets and other small fry are generally content to wait a season or two before lifting some native beauty to their state and partnering her; but if a real high-flyer at nobility visits our plebeian shores on a drumming expedition, he has very little time to waste. He is pretty sure to marry and get back to England before the next session of the Bankruptcy Court.

It is to be feared that we have on many occasions unwittingly given pain to our aristocratic visitors by our ignorance of their true standing and positions in their native land. It seems to pain a Marquis to slap him cheerfully on the back and hail him: "Hello, Baronet, how are ye?" and, probably for different reasons, a Knight is likely to look red and uncomfortable if he be publicly addressed as a Jook, and asked how his sister, Lady Ermengarde, is getting over her late attack of chilblains.

Indeed, now we come to think of it, there can be no doubt that we have too often wounded the sensitive feelings of our English friends and patrons by our gross ignorance of their special dignities. Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, who is "on intimate terms" with all the nobility, says that we are provincial. We probably are. The consideration of our short-comings in the matter of deferential attention to the intricacies of the British peerage ought to bring this home to us.

And it is clearly our duty to nip our provincialism in the bud. Let us be less provincial ere it is too late. Let us make the Briton within our gates feel more at home. Let us learn to estimate him at his exact social value.

We appeal to our countrymen not to underrate the importance of this duty. It may seem trifling, at the first blush. There may be callous and commonplace Americans who will say that they can not see any difference between the noblest of Earls and the cheapest and smallest of Knights. But that is not the way to look at the matter. It is not a question of what we like, but of what *they* like. Of course we don't see any difference. *We* naturally wouldn't. But there is a difference. The Britons themselves print little blue books, at one penny apiece, to set forth this difference. We have, therefore, every reason to believe that it is a difference worthy of our closest attention.

That is the position the humbly-minded American ought to take. We will admit that it calls for a good deal of hard mental labor; but the task is incumbent upon us.

And for this reason PUCK has, after much meditation and investigation, discovered, and now publishes for the first time an easy and trustworthy method of memorizing the gradations of the English peerage. This method is shown in a simple table, constructed especially for the use of rich fathers with ambitious daughters.

The principle is a plain one. We provincial Americans may know little about the British Peerage; but we do know a good deal of the great American game of Poker. Now if we fix the various titles in our memory by connecting them with the well-known and easily-remembered sequence of hands in our national game, we shall accomplish our end with very little intellectual friction.

Here is the table. It is unnecessary to remark that we play straights to beat threes.

TABLE OF PRECEDENCE.

PEERAGE.	POKER.
A Double-Barreled Duke (the Duke of Smith, Earl Jones,) equals a	Straight Flush.
A Plain Duke equals	Fours.
A Marquis equals a	Full.
An Earl equals a	Flush.
A Viscount equals a	Straight.
A Baron (Lord,) equals	Threes.
A Baronet equals	Two Pair.
A Knight equals... One Pair—[and a mighty small one.]	

If this table does not fully answer all practical purposes, we shall be happy to furnish further information on application at the office.

P. S.—A rampant Englishman has just called around

A HUMILIATING SIGHT.



THE NATION FOR SALE TO PAY FOR ITS SAVIORS.

to say that Baronets and Knights are not in the peerage. We have informed him that we don't consider pairs and two pairs any sort of Poker hands, either, so it is all right.

ED. PUCK.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Hey, but she's doleful, willow, willow, waly.

TIMMY DID.—If age brought strength, your Puckerings would work up nicely into Limburger cheese.

A READER.—Your request:

ALLEGHENY, Dec. 7th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

When President Garfield formed his cabinet, you presented each reader with their pictures. Now, when Arthur gets his cabinet formed, will you give their pictures, too?

Yours,

A READER.

is quite reasonable. We shall have great pleasure in giving you a picture of the new cabinet. Do you happen to want a little sketch of the Destruction of Jerusalem, or a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo? Would a few chromo reproductions of Raphael's little cartoons be of any use to you? Or maybe you would like a diamond mosaic of the principal events in the Revolution. If you don't see what you want, you know, just ask for it.

"DR. DANT," Cobleskill, N. Y.—We have not read your letter through, because most of it was cut out by the Post Office authorities; but we vaguely gather from what remains that you wish us to leave out of the paper some article, or articles, which you characterize as "ineffable, insane, idiocy and utter and unutterable damned foolishness and detestable drivel of imbecile drool." We do not remember publishing anything of this description. It is a style of literature we have always striven to avoid, and we are sure that the Honorable Mr. Fitznoodle, for whom you elsewhere express so warm an admiration, would not approve of it. We are afraid that we do not quite understand your request, unless—ah, we have it! It is your peculiar way of intimating that your letter was not intended for publication. Certainly, that is all right. We won't publish any more of it.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S THEATRE is becoming big by degrees and beautifully large, and an ornament to Broadway.

The "Mighty Dollar," at BOOTH'S THEATRE, is having the usual amount of justice done to it by the Honorable Bardwell Stote and Mrs. Gilfory.

Miss Bertha Welby will be a stellar attraction next season in Elliot Barnes' new play, which has the highly-suggestive and romantic title of "One Woman's Life."

Ernesto Rossi, the illustrious Italian tragedian, will be welcomed by New Yorkers, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, about the middle of January, after his provincial travels.

Briareus Haverly has stretched out another of his hands, and grasped the California Theatre, San Francisco,

which house Mr. Chas. L. Andrews will manage. It is to be opened to-morrow with "Michael Strogoff."

This is the second month of "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, and the gloomy prospect is before us of having to speak in platitudes of the play, week after week, for the next two or three years to come.

Mr. J. K. Emmet, in "Fritz in Ireland," exercises over the populace, at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, his old unaccountable influence, the more so as the salmon has not of late been disagreeing with him. Mr. Emmet is a great star, in a financial sense.

Messrs. Robson and Crane have found their way over to HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, where "Our Bachelors" is having its usual effect on the pious citizens of churches. This sentence is logically constructed, although it may not seem at first sight particularly clear.

Our opinion with regard to "The Passing Regiment," at DALY'S THEATRE, has not changed in the least. The piece is bright, it is clever, it is amusing, it is well mounted and well acted, and its obviously German origin is almost forgotten in the general admirable effect of the whole.

"Carmen," at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, was produced once more by Mapleson's troupe on Monday night last. Last night was an "extra" for "Faust." "The Magic Flute" is announced for this evening, when the lovers of incomprehensibilities and vocal fireworks will be gratified.

The Hanlon-Lees continue to exercise their limbs and lineaments at the METROPOLITAN CASINO. It was here, on Sunday evening, that Her Grand Sacred Majesty's Opera Company gave a grand sacred concert, in which M. Henri Prévost, Mlle. Salviali and Mlle. Emma Juch sang some grand sacred songs.

CHICKERING HALL, on Saturday afternoon last, was the scene of a concert given by Mr. Louis Staab, the pianist, assisted by Mr. Fritsch and Mrs. Anna Bulkley-Hills. Mr. Staab performed, with much taste and expression, selections from Chopin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt, and two of his own compositions.

The first production of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's drama, entitled "The Bondman," took place on Monday night last at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. The subject was *Jack Cade* and Mr. McCullough. We are polishing up our critical faculties to find if Mr. Wingfield is the coming Shakspere, and shall let our readers know in due course.

The audiences at the STANDARD THEATRE that flock to see "Patience" are large and enthusiastic. "Patience" promises to out-pinafore "Pinafore," and to have a much more lasting effect. It is not often New Yorkers have the privilege of enjoying such a smooth and excellent performance. Miss Roche's *Lady Jane* and Mr. Riley's *Bunthorne* could scarcely be improved upon.

Mr. George Sims's three-act comedy, "Mother-in-Law," was produced on Thursday evening at the PARK THEATRE. It is a funny play of the farce order, in H. J. Byronic style, and is well acted. Although a trifle too locally Cockney for the American taste, yet its humor is, nevertheless, well adapted to amuse any English-speaking audience. A capital personation of an English stage-struck swell was Mr. Henry Lee's *Percy D'Almaire*, and not less successful were Mr. John Dillon, as *John Powneby*, Mr. E. M. Holland, as *Major Mungo McTuttle*, and Miss Laura Don and Mrs. G. C. Germon, as *Topsy Grey* and *Mrs. Pounceby*, respectively.

P.U.K.



THE ONLY RD



RD FOR HIM.

UNACCOUNTABLE.



MRS. O'GULICK:—"WHAT'S THE MATHER WID DER CHILDREN, MRS. McDINNIS, THEY ARE SO SHILL LOIKE?"
MRS. McDINNIS:—"SORRA A ONE OF ME KNOWS, MRS. O'GULICK; I BATE THIM FROM MORNING TILL NOIGHT TO PUT A LITTLE LOIFE AND SHIPRIT INTO THIM, BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO DO 'EM ANY GOOD!"

THE SIGHTS OF THE CITY,

WITH VERY MANY APOLOGIES TO THE ORIGINAL POET.

Broadway was wet and sloppy,
But stalwartly and fleet,
A man with hat hay-seedy
Strode up the lighted street.
The night was dark and stormy,
But blithe of heart was he—
He'd come to see the city,
Away from New Jersey.

O many sights of New York, in going up and down—
What mishaps lie within you, O sights of New York town!

He tarried long at Bunnell's,
And wonderingly did view
The "Double-Headed Woman,"
And "Giant from Peru."
He saw the magic "Doctor"
Carve men as butchers ham,
And other things quite dreadful
Set forth in the programme.

O wond'rous sights of New York, of mountebank and clown,
There's none can "take the cake" off the sights of New York town!

He visited the gardens
Of tripping Terpsichore,
And blushingly admired
Things never seen before:
The rush, the whirl, the music,
Feet, limbs and skirts in air—
Bewildering to the senses,
And ravishingly fair.

O shocking sights of New York—of vicious sports the crown!
What follies dost thou lead to, O sights of New York town!

He dropped into a "Tunnel,"
Convenient on his track,
To moisten once his thirsty clay
With good old apple-jack;
When suddenly, while pausing
Its occupants to scan,
Up stepped, with guise familiar,
A waiting bunco man.

O tricking sights of New York, on which the wary frown—
What dangers lurk within thee, O sights of New York town!

The bunco man, quite ready,
His new acquaintance sought:
He knew his "Aunt Maria,"
And likewise "Uncle Mort."
"How were the folks in Jersey?"
"And how"—but why progress?
It was the old, old story,
Not difficult to guess.

O crafty sights of New York, of simple souls done brown!—
Thy dupes would fill a volume, O sights of New York town!

* * *
With hands and pockets empty—
By grim disaster smote—
Next morn this man from Jersey
Stepped on a ferry boat.
He sought his native village,
With naught a word to say,
Yet "booming" still behind him
The sights of New York lay.

O cruel sights of New York! if oaths your games would down,
Your victim's tongue were ready, O sights of New York town!

RETTOP.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

Do not the first following five lines suggest a cartoon? [N. B.—They do not.—ED. PUCK.]

Here stands our Law, like a fat idiot!
Holding his heavy bowels with his flabby hands.
Near him his chiefest patron lies a corpse!
The victim of a horrible assassin,
Who stands leering in front of Law, and spits on him!
And thus polluted Law feels no disgrace!
Aye—in his hands a sword—he falls asleep!
And sluggard-like he will not be awaked.
And who would arouse him gets a curse.
He curses like a puling drone; and then
He rubs his sticky eyes and sleeps again!

These mops of crime, the pompous judges are
All saturated with the filth of others!
They fall a-groveling when Power nods—
('Tis human nature, and we know they do it.
And O that men who know how weak *they* are,
Should make the creatures of themselves absolute!
And give them, where an awful crime is known,
Confessed and witnessed, the power to o'errule!
The judgements settled by God and all ages!
Aye, in a case monstrous enough and heavy
To fetter, warp and bend their rectitude!)
But let the judges pass; they work for pay,
And while their masters bear it, grind away.
Of all man's works, the most conspicuous
Is law, and it's the most ridiculous.
"O man! O man!" cried Maximilian dying—
"O man! O man!" Columbia now is crying.

[The remainder of this interesting poem may be had at our office, and will be furnished in lengths to suit, at \$5 a yard, 99% discount for cash.]

IN PREPARATION:
PUCK'S ANNUAL

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXII.—Junketing at Our Neighbor's.

Since the time when our next-door neighbors lengthened their family tree, as I have heretofore related with as much detail as is proper in speaking of such matters, we, that is to say, our family and our neighbor's family, have been on the friendliest terms. Many a time and oft have we drunk that seductive beverage, tea, together; now in our neighbor's house, and anon in the one which shelters me. We have made little family excursions, attended concerts, and visited the theatre together. Once we went to the opera with our next-door neighbors, but we will never do it again. That I have resolved upon. Mrs. Lot may put her foot down, may rave and tear her hair, may even weep, but go with me to the opera again our next-door neighbors shall not. A man may have no ear for music, he may be wearied almost to death; but to sleep at the opera, while Nilsson is warbling her dulcet strains, or Capoul is dying to slow music, is abominable. It is abominable, and yet it may be put up with; but to sleep under such circumstances, and then snore—great, big, bass snores, too—is unbearable. I will not endure it, and I have resolved that, under no circumstances, will I again allow myself to be disgraced in that way.

Our neighbor is a clever and wide-awake fellow enough, too. I know he guessed quite a number of the charades which we got up some time since. And a very pleasant time we had with those same charades. I was stage-manager, and, as the boys say, I made things hum; I even made Mrs. Lot stand around. The worst of Mrs. Lot is that, in every tableau in which there was a Rebecca, she would insist upon appearing as the Rebecca. In Rebecca at the well Mrs. Lot would appear, and, of course, I was compelled to submit. We made a slight paper well, and the result was that Mrs. Lot stumbled on the carpet and fell head first into the well. And yet, notwithstanding this misfortune, nothing could induce her to allow any one else than herself to play Rebecca in Rebecca and Rowena. Now, everybody's notion of that Rebecca is that she was a slight, dainty, somewhat ethereal sort of a being, with plaintive eyes and solemn mien, and withal a brunette. Well, Mrs. Lot is a brunette, and that is the only qualification she has for the part. She is a brunette of the royal order, with imperious eyes, and a countenance that expresses a determination to have her own way. If she were called upon to enact the part of the Queen of the Amazons, she would be admirably adapted to the part, provided I would allow her to wear the costume usually assumed by that not over-dressed lady; which, by the way, I assure you that I would not. As the Rowena of the evening was a lady of medium height and rather slight build, the notion that the audience got was that, if Rebecca took the idea in her head, she would throw Rowena out of the window, seize Ivanhoe, sling him on the crupper of her horse, and sally forth, singing:

"Gaily the troubadour
Touched his guitar,
As he came conquering
Home from the war."

Now, everybody must admit that that is not the effect which that very choice, original and by no means overdone tableau should have upon the minds of the audience.

It must not be imagined that all our charades and tableaux were thus marred. By no means. Those in which I played were eminently successful. I invented several of those trifles myself; impromptu, you understand, and therefore I don't brag of them. Thus, as I am rather tall and Georgie is decidedly short, the scene represented us a-hugging each other.

That we called "Love me little, love me long." The advantage of that tableau is that, besides being amusing to the audience, it is exhilarating to the actors. In another, as the curtain rose, I threw myself at the feet of Georgie, as if I were giving myself to her. This I called "Sweets to the Sweet." In a third, which I called "The Dying Soldier," I was seated in a chair, and supposed to be at the point of death, while Georgie, on her knees beside me, was looking into my face and weeping bitterly. Unfortunately, as the curtain rose, a fly lit on the end of my nose. I did not dare to raise my hand and hit that fly a slam, because that would have been a decidedly inappropriate motion for a dying soldier, or any other kind of a dying man; so I twisted my nose and face, in my efforts to get rid of that fly. The result was that Georgie, who should have been industriously crying, laughed instead; and, as that fly continued to tickle my proboscis, I put my face through such extraordinary gymnastics that Georgie just sat back on the floor in a convulsion of laughter. I did not die that night, as our country friends would say, worth a continental.

Our little gatherings at our neighbor's house, and at mine, assume all sorts of forms; sometimes they take a literary turn, and we read and recite and sing. Among my neighbor's friends is a Mr. Monsart, who sets up as a poet. Now, I can stand a man who sets up as a paper-hanger, or a grocer, or a pork dealer, but I heartily dislike a man who sets up as a poet. I frankly admit that I sometimes drop into rhyme myself, but then I don't pretend in the least to be a poet. I drop into rhyme only for fun.

Mr. Monsart rolls his eyes in a fine frenzy, parts his hair in the middle, trains his raven locks down his back, and wears a Byronic collar. He has all the ear-marks of a poet, or a fool; and if my judgement is worth anything, he's the latter. He reads us high-flown descriptions of the surrounding scenery, which becomes in his hands as pastoral and poetical as the inside of a brick oven. I have resolved to squelch that man some day, and I'll do it as soon as I find out how it can be done. Sometimes we have little card parties. When the ladies are numerous, we play euchre; and when the men have the floor, we play a quiet little game of poker. Understand, if you please, that Mrs. Lot does not in the least imagine that the chips we play with represent money. Oh, dear, no! If she did, your humble servant would be compelled to search for those chips among the ashes in the stove. When I purchased that set of chips, I explained to my lady that they were counters to keep the game with, and she believed me. She made me suffer one night, though. Five of us gentlemen were playing a sociable game, when Mrs. Lot entered the room and informed me that there was a gentleman in the other room who desired to see me on business. I disliked to stop the game, and told my wife so; but she said that she had watched the game so often that she could play my hand. I left her a pile of counters, every one of which represented hard cash, for I had been winning. I thought, however, that I would not be detained a moment, and that she could do no harm during such a short period of time. But the business was important, and in discussing it, I forgot the game which was going on in the other room. When my visitor had departed, I returned to Mrs. Lot and found that she had lost every one of my chips, and was in debt for some she had borrowed from the banker. She thought it was a delightful game, and desired to continue, but I put a stop to that performance at once.

Not long ago our little gathering became a big gathering, and assumed a new form. Our next door neighbors gave a party. Now, when a man has been married for some years, and has a house and a family, parties become to him

an abomination. He despises them and heartily dislikes to attend them; but a woman—oh, that's a different matter. She may marry and bury twenty-seven or twenty-eight husbands, and she will still hanker after parties, and will go to them whenever she can obtain an invitation. Of course, I didn't wish to attend our neighbor's party, and, of course, my wife compelled me to go.

"You ought to be thankful to be allowed to attend a party with two of the handsomest women in the room," said she.

"But I am quite equal to appreciating you at home," suggested I.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Lot: "Men never properly appreciate a woman until they see how much some other man admires her."

When dressed for the party, Mrs. Lot was very handsome, but Georgie was perfectly lovely. I believe, after all, that blondes are night birds. As I gazed upon my sister-in-law, I thought: "Ah, Mrs. Lot, fortunate it was for you that I saw you before I cast my optics upon Georgie; fortunate it was for you that my virgin affections were planted in your bosom ere Georgie passed before my eyes. If it had not been so, you would, to-day, have been a distressed old maid, or the helpmeet of some rheumatic hypochondriac." Tom escorted Georgie, and I escorted Mrs. Lot to the party.

It is an axiom that all parties are alike. A certain number of swallow-tailed coats, encasing the same number of manly bosoms, whirl a certain number of irreproachable ball dresses, inclosing an equal number of packages of heart's delight, through the mazes of the giddy before supper, and repeat the performance after supper. Supper is the only part of the performance where anything original can be done, and the only original thing I ever saw done at supper was when several of the party got drunk.

"My dear," said I to the wife of my bosom: "shall I dance with you to-night?"

"No," said she: "I can do that at home."

"Very well," said I: "then I can dance with whom I please?"

"Precisely," replied she: "and I shall do likewise."

"Georgie," said I: "how many dances do you propose to reserve for me?"

"As many as you please."

"Will three be too many?"

"Oh, dear, no; six, if you like."

"No," said I: "I won't be greedy. I'll take three, because I have marked out a little piece of business, which I must attend to."

The truth was that my friend Blake, of whom I have spoken before, had been very much smitten by the little black-eyed beauty, Miss Hattie, my neighbor's sister-in-law; and, as he had played me several tricks, I resolved to annoy him. Accordingly, whenever I thought he was approaching her for the purpose of engaging her to dance with him, I slipped ahead of him and engaged her myself.

Finally, Blake became enraged.

"Look here, Lot," said he: "why do you, an old married man, constantly monopolize that girl, when I want to dance with her?"

"Have I annoyed you, my dear fellow?" inquired I, innocently.

"Damnable!" said he.

"Well, then," said I: "let it count on old scores. I won't annoy you any more to-night."

Mrs. Lot got along very well till supper-time. She wouldn't allow me to escort her to the table, and so she met with an accident. The clumsy fellow who took charge of her spilled a cup of coffee on her dress. As it was a costly silk, out of which coffee would take the color, Mrs. Lot almost howled; she saved herself by stuffing her handkerchief in her mouth. Really I was the person who should have howled, for I knew that I should be compelled

to replace it. Of course, Mrs. Lot had no appetite after that performance, and, of course, she did not find much enjoyment in the latter part of the evening. I, however, saw no reason why I should be miserable because she was; she had declined to let me aid in making her happy, and so I went on being as jolly as I could.

Parties, like everything else, come to an end, and, in the wee small hours, we dragged our wearied limbs into our own house, and placed our tired heads upon our respective pillows.

IT is always a mistake for a widower, while courting his third venture, to walk with her in the neighborhood of a cemetery, and to point out the family lot, with the remark: "My two wives lie buried there—poor Jane, poor Matilda!" It kind of takes the poetry out of the thing, and casts a damper upon the spirits of the latest applicant for the position.—*American Queen*.

"PAPA," remarked the *enfant terrible*, who was mounted on the back of the old gentleman's chair engaged in making crayon sketches on his bald head: "it wouldn't do for you to fall asleep in the desert, would it?"

"Why not, my darling?"

"Oh, the ostriches might sit down on your head and hatch it out."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A MICHIGAN man, who was pursued by a bull, escaped a probably terrible death by spitting tobacco juice in the animal's eye. On the strength of this, the *Detroit Free Press* advises: "Don't let anybody make you believe that tobacco juice is unhealthy"—apparently forgetting that it was very unhealthy for the bull. *Norristown Herald*.

STYLE FOR WINTER.—Without pretending to be an authority in the matter of street etiquette, we would suggest that during the prevailing cold spell bald-headed gentlemen be excused from lifting their hats to their lady friends. Let them cultivate a sweet smile and a graceful wave of the right hand in the air and pass on.—*New Haven Register*.

IT is a good thing to be funny, for the world is good to funny people. Many people are born that way, and when they are so funny as to be unable to take care of themselves, they are placed in magnificent houses built and maintained especially for them by the State.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

Potatoes they grew small,
And they ate them tops and all
In Maumee;
The babies kicked and squalled
And mothers spanked them all
In Maumee;
CASTORIA's cured them all,
No babies now that bawl
In Maumee.

"A STRANGE WOOING."

The Remarkable Romance of Two Peculiar Persons.

Complete.

By

JULIAN MAGNUS.

Published in FICTION No. XVI.

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ONE GENUINE
ESSENCE OF
Jamaica GINGER
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that is
Fred'k Brown's
PHILADELPHIA.**

All others are Imitations or made to sell on the reputation of the ORIGINAL, and may do harm, while FREDERICK BROWN'S, PHILADELPHIA, will always be a blessing in

**SPRING,
SUMMER,
AUTUMN,
WINTER.**

In all STOMACH DISORDERS,
For SLEEPLESSNESS,
For SUDDEN CHILLS,
When Drenched during the
EQUINOX,
When Cold in WINTER,
When Distressed in SUMMER
buy a bottle of your Druggist
or your Grocer for 50 Cents,
(insist on having the GENUINE given you—FREDERICK BROWN'S, PHILADELPHIA,) and you will secure an article which will serve you well—
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THIS is a Contribution Plate. It has just been handed around. What is there upon it? Now count very slow, or you will make a mistake. Four buttons, one nickel, a blue chip and a spectacle-glass. Yes, that is right. What will be done with all these nice things? They will be sent to foreign countries for the good of the Poor Heathens. How the Poor Heathens will rejoice!—*Denver Tribune Primer*.

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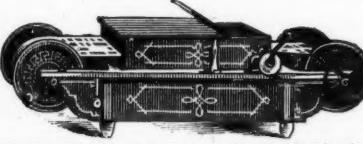
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WHEN a Boston policeman hits a malefactor over the head with his truncheon, the dying man observes in one of the deceased languages: "Peeler, moriturus te salutamo;" and the peeler not only understands him, but hits him another rap if he makes a false quantity.—*Com. Advertiser*.

IT is a cold day now when an express train in some part of the republic doesn't run down a hand-car, and wear out a few telegraph repairers or section men. The express trains must have developed a little emotional insanity.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A MAN may possess nine virtues and not attract the least notice; but let him come out of a beer saloon munching a sandwich, and five hundred old maids will attend the very next sewing circle with a fresh subject of debate.—*Ottumwa Press*.

"Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information.—*New Haven Register*.

A LOT of New York maidens recently got up a fair for the poor, and as quite a number now wear engagement rings, the enterprise is spoken of as a brilliant success.—*Philadelphia News*.

The New Stock Exchange.

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IT is said that the course of a cannon-ball may be turned by contact with a shingle. The shingle likewise has an effect upon the bawl of early childhood.—*Boston Transcript*.

Men who never have had any advantages sometimes make it up by taking advantage of everybody they have dealings with.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Yes," said the old lady: "I can see where the impression mashed that lace flat as a clean napkin. Don't let it happen again."—*Syracuse Times*.

BOSTON will soon be a great American spa. Its drinking water is unpalatable enough to make it a favorite invalid resort.—*Boston Courier*.

ALCIBIADES, long since deceased, was a "crank." Anyhow, history says he paid £250 for a dog.—*Norristown Herald*.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS seldom takes the form of mistaking our neighbor's cotton umbrella for our own silk one.—*Somerville Journal*.

SHE admitted to her mother that the young man had made a very strong impression on her.

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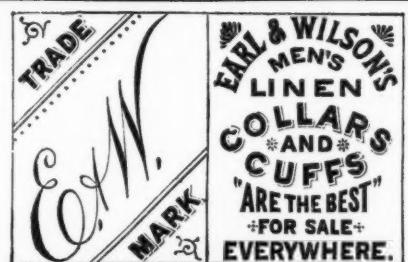
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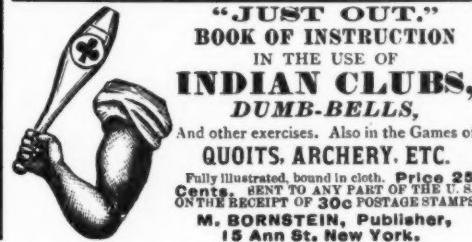
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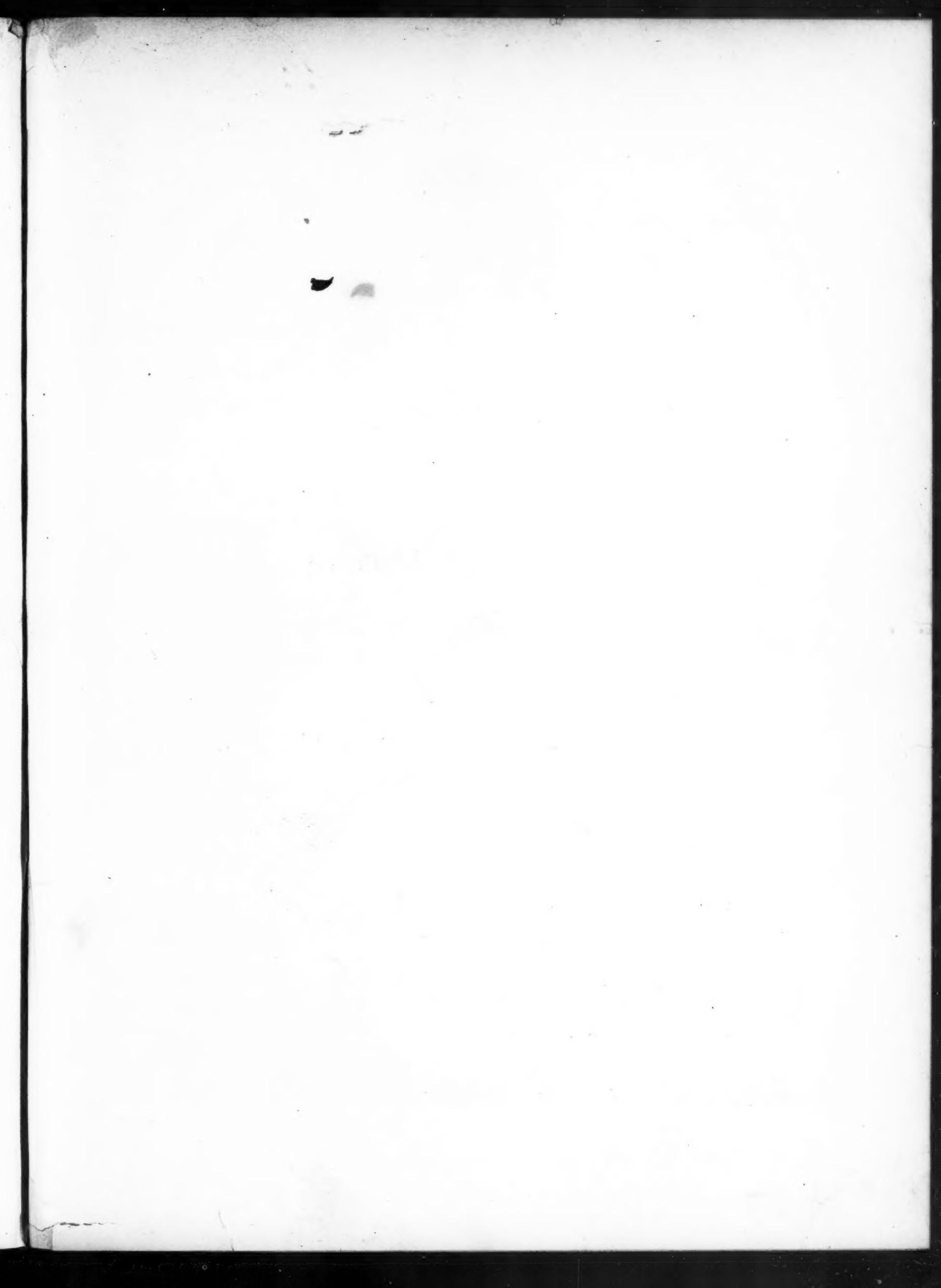
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